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Our Outlook Tower.

SPIRITUALISTS AND FREEDOM.

THE Petition to the President of the United States for civil and religious liberty for American Spiritualists, which was originated by Mrs. Cadwallader, Editor of *The Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, is being signed with great enthusiasm. It is delightful and refreshing to observe the heartiness and goodwill with which it is being supported by Mr. James Abbott, the Editor-in-chief of *The National Spiritualist* (U.S.A.), the organ of the National Spiritualist Association of America, which is also published in Chicago. He says in his January number:—

"The petition, which has been prepared by Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, to be forwarded to President Coolidge, protesting against the persecution of mediums and Spiritualists, is being signed by thousands upon thousands. Every mail brings in a fresh batch of signatures. As soon as a date can be fixed for its presentation to the President, Mrs. Cadwallader will take it personally to Washington, and urge upon him that we are entitled under the Constitution to protection in the exercise of our religious belief. It is sincerely to be hoped that the petition will have the desired effect. But it has accomplished one thing already, it has brought the Spiritualists of this country together into a closer unity than they have known for many a day. They are beginning to realise that by concerted action we can accomplish more than by pulling apart, each his own way. Even though the Petition fail to impress the President, this bringing together of our people into a sense of common interest and danger will be worth all the trouble and labour the petition costs. Mrs. Cadwallader should be heartily thanked for having started the movement, and for following it up so tenaciously."

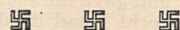
With such a spirit of real earnestness, co-operation, and solidarity, the American Spiritualists will win, even if not at the first venture, and we wish them an early triumph. By way of sad contrast, the British Petition, so long ago signed by 40,000 persons, is now a useless mass of waste-paper, simply because the administrators of our organised movement seem utterly unwilling or incapable of taking a single effective forward step! And our Parliamentary Bill, so long ago drafted, seems just as likely to meet with a similar fate! Can nothing be done to galvanise these hinderers and wreckers into activity? Or should we turn our eyes at last towards the one great outstanding champion of our cause, who is so cruelly overworked, but whose militant leadership would speedily restore hope and courage to British Spiritualists, hitherto baffled in their aspirations for Freedom? The climactic Moment has now arrived, and the Man to deal with it is so obvious that he need not even be named! There is no Spiritualist in this country who would not promptly respond to his trumpet call for a fight to a finish, and many earnest men and women, versed in affairs, would be proud to work under his direction in the sacred cause of Liberty! Scores of Members of Parliament have pledged their support, but of course they can do nothing until the Bill is presented.

SPIRITUALISM IN INDIA.

MR. V. D. RISHI, B.A., LL.B., who represented Indian Spiritualists at the Paris World Congress, gave an address recently at the third All-India Spiritualistic Conference in Cawnpore. He welcomed the new President, Mr. Jamnadas Mehta, M.L.A., a distinguished leader of the Swaraj Party, and gave an interesting account of the proceedings at the Paris Congress. He deplored the indifference and lack of enthusiasm among the original organisers of Spiritualism in India and advocated the

formation of a new strong body which would carry out its objects, which were the same as those of the International Spiritualists' Federation. He said, "Spiritualism is not confined to any particular compartment or to any narrow sectionalism. It is out to destroy compartments and to build a universal all-embracing principle and platform, which is the foundation and basis of all life, and which will include the whole of life's activities. It is a lamp, which throws its light into the valley of materialism and illumines the way to the mountain-top where we get glimpses of the living God. It is sure to interest the scientist, the philosopher, and the religionist, and its practical advantages in our ordinary life cannot be ignored."

J. L.



THE LATE PROFESSOR HENSLOW.

THE REV. PROFESSOR GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.R.H.S., etc., who has recently passed on to the higher life at his beautiful home in Bournemouth, was one of the most courageous learned men who has openly espoused Spiritualism. He was not only a pioneer in liberal theology, on which he wrote many books, but he was the author of several important works on Spiritualism, including "Spirit Psychometry" and "The Proofs of the Truths of Spiritualism."

He was for thirty-five years Professor of Botany to the Royal Horticultural Society, and wrote sixteen authoritative works on botany. He was a Scholar and Medallist of Christ's College, Cambridge, where he won a first-class in the Natural Science Tripos, and was awarded a gold medal for being "the most graceful reader in chapel."

We had the pleasure of interviewing him at his home six years ago, when he was in his eighty-fifth year, and then we noted that neither was his eye dim nor his natural force abated. Indeed, he was as brisk and alert as a healthy man in his prime. He told us of his first contact with Spiritualism through the automatic writing of a lady in his household, who received messages whenever she felt disposed. He never presented a "closed mind" to these phenomena, but thought them at once worthy of scientific examination.

He experimented much in spirit photography with Archdeacon Colley and the Crewe Circle, and received many convincing evidences of spirit-action, especially in what he called "radio-graphy," where an unopened packet of plates would simply be held in the hands of the circle and on instruction from the "control," the fourth plate from the top, say, would be developed, and a clear intelligent message would appear in writing so small that it required to be enlarged before it could be read. These experiments are fully described in his work on "The Proofs of the Truths of Spiritualism."

He told us that the spirit-communications he had received all seemed to agree that religion in the next world was not a matter of dogmas and doctrines, but simply the practice of the Christian life, and his own theology was summed up in the words of St. James:—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." He wrote against the old doctrine of the atonement for forty years, and was probably the first to introduce the word "at-one-ment" in religious literature. A clergyman once denounced him for expounding his views in the City of London, but he never faltered. His concluding words to us were:—"When people speak of advance in Christian theology, I maintain there can be no advance beyond that of its Founder; the only real 'advance' is to get back to Christ. Christianity is essentially practical, for 'faith without works is dead.'"

The Professor would be joyfully welcomed by many friends in the other world, for up till his death he communed with large congregations of them and in a recent letter he told us he preached a sermon to the invisibles every Sunday afternoon. The veil to him was very thin.

To feel that a whispered cry will bring to our aid a goodly company of those invisible beings who "walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep," is to have our lives so changed by what seems magic . . . that our outlook is brighter, our ambition is higher, and even our afflictions are radiant with unwonted hopefulness.—
Rev. George H. Hepworth.

On the Rim of the Desert : Sunrise and Sunset.

By "HEATHER B.," Author of "Healing Thoughts."

IN memory I return to a distant scene on the borders of the great Sahara desert, and recapture some of the enthrallment and fascination of the golden days of sunshine spent in that far land. Under the influence of the lucid, invigorating atmosphere came the abandonment of island conventionalism and circumscribed thought, and in their place a truer estimate of spiritual values.

The shimmering sea of sand, a great and glorious highway, beckoned the traveller to the unknown. I stood as it were on a border-land, gazing over the waves of the far-spreading desert. The very breath of it caused the mind to expand, and gave the soul a sense of measureless vastness. The world I had lived in became a thing of the past, remote, unregretted. In crowded places a screen seems to be drawn around the soul, a veil put over man's spiritual eyes, but in great expanses, in solitary contemplation, these limitations are withdrawn, and the higher self awakens and reaches out with perception and understanding to the unseen and unknown.

Occasionally the silence and solitude were disturbed by a passing caravan—a string of stately, patient camels moving along sedately, laden with sacks, bundles and wooden cases, and a few carrying howdahs with curtains to conceal some veiled women.

As I looked the dull green feathery palm trees of the oasis were silhouetted against a pale yellow sky, which gradually deepened to burnished gold as the sun neared the horizon. The caravan halted and the white-hooded Arabs dismounted and turned their faces to the east. As the golden ball of fire appeared, they cast off their shoes, and bent and prostrated themselves with their foreheads touching the ground, their lips moving in prayer to Allah their God, represented by this life-giving rising sun. Then for a few moments they sat back on their heels in silent meditation, before rising and continuing their journey.

In thus greeting the splendour of the dawning day these men are profoundly wise. As the sun rises great spiritual forces are astir. The really devout consciously blend their thought current with the flow of magnetic forces. Under the influence of the golden sun rays, they attract to themselves by their prayer, and the recognition of God's bounty, Life and Strength, they make themselves an attractive channel for these beneficent light rays.

Prayer or aspiration, or the grateful acknowledgment of God's gifts, raises the vibrations of man to harmonise with the Divine, and then they are in unison with the ALL, in touch with the unseen worlds and the wisdom of the Great Ones.

As the sun mounts, the blue of the sky becomes more intense each hour. The sense of time vanishes in the spaceless vastness, and as one looks toward the seemingly receding horizon where the dark blue desert meets the azure sky, the mind is lifted into a wonderful quietude by the grandeur, the space, the solitude, the beauty of it all.

The almost complete absence of living things emphasises the mysterious stillness of the atmosphere, and the blue of it enhances the consciousness of high vibration. As one mentally grasps this immensity, mortal man becomes a small thing.

A solemn silence encompasses the waiting soul when the mind, no longer bound by earthly estimates, soars to the supernal. The spheres above are teeming with life; the spirits, messengers of God, hover around; and when man is silent they speak. The thoughts of the "pure in heart" vibrate the ether. Listen! "There is no separateness, no distance, no time. Thou art alive for evermore. The hosts of the progressed are as an army of strength about thee!"

The sun reached meridian. The clearness of the atmosphere, the stillness and the heat were accentuated. A culminating splendour! The glowing glory of the sun became too great! Man's physical body needed protection from the burning rays. Here and there in the desert camels were standing patiently, their white-robed Moslem riders dismounted to again worship Allah, their Father God.

Later, from the flat roof of an oriental building, a thinker stood at the decline of day gazing on the exquisite scene of haunting splendour. He would print this vision of continually widening loveliness upon the memory, and preserve the picture eternally. It was the hour of sunset. A great peace reigned as the Master Artist painted the distant mountains, the desert, the little oasis of tall palms and the sky, a soft warm pink, which

grew richer and richer as the sun disappeared in crimson glory. Maybe it was the spirit of the watcher that was painting on this translucent canvas, and adding to nature's wondrous beauties something of its own conception of the "vision splendid." Material man was swept away, and the messengers of the Most High approached and impressed upon the listening mind thoughts divine—
LOVE and LOVELINESS—GOOD—GOD.

* * * * *

Down on the rose-tinted sand the spare and stately Arab again cast off his shoes and prostrated himself in prayer and adoration.

UNATTAINED IDEALS.

By JESSIE FREEMAN.

IDEALS are seldom if ever realised. Deep in our inmost being nearly every one of us cherishes these high ideals, which are taken out and gazed upon in secret, as a miser fondles his yellow gold. They are priceless to us, we would not lose them for all the world, and year by year we strive to attain them, and yet they seem ever to elude us. Sometimes we may get disheartened, and almost give up hope, but still they are at the back of us, spurring us on, urging us to climb higher and grasp them. Hilltop and mountain we scale in their pursuit, and yet they are always just out of reach.

I think that is why ideals are not often attained—we are not meant to realise them too easily; for we must progress, we must try to reach higher heights, and if we gained them without much striving we might be apt to rest content, clasping our heart's desire tightly, and wishing for nothing further. The impetus to reach up would be gone, therefore it seems deemed best that we should not here gain our greatest desire. In the next world no doubt all high ideals will be realised, but the earth-life is a school in which we must learn lessons, taught by the disappointments and disheartening failures which beset us, and still strive on the better and wiser for our experiences.

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"Tenant of a hovel for a day, thou art heir of the universe for ever."

UNDER the heading, "When I am dead," in the *Weekly Dispatch*, a writer remarks that a belief in his own immortality is an unwarrantable glorification! Now, if that be true, the question naturally arises that if there is no personal survival why are we here, and for what reason are we possessed of divine attributes? Is annihilation the goal of all spiritual and intellectual endeavour, while the virtuous remain for ever unrewarded, and the guilty unpunished? Is morality a deadly farce, while the sins of the fathers, now visited on the children, are sunk in the waters of oblivion? Whence comes the universal instinct of immortality?

It has been truly said that all we seem to know demands a longer learning; we are still in the cradle of science, prophecy and art; our knowledge is rudimentary; even the wisest of mankind see "through a glass darkly." Love calls to every earnest aspiring soul to "come up higher," to breathe a purer atmosphere, to revel in the sunshine of immortality, to tread the city bright with the light of the Eternal, and to see Him (who hath conferred this inestimable gift upon the unthankful) "face to face," and rejoice evermore in the wondrous truth of a life everlasting!

A Christmas Tree in the Spheres.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

THE present and past two generations of children associate Christmas with a tree laden with toys, yet in the memory of many persons living, their childhood could not even imagine such a thing as a Christmas tree. Prior to 1840 it was unknown in England, and it was many years before it became general. No doubt Charles Dickens' Christmas stories contributed largely to establish the custom; his genius enveloped the season with a glamour and charm which have lasted to the present day; and few families having young children are now adays without a tree of some sort at Christmas.

When sitting some three years ago with three friends in the hope of developing the "voices" ourselves, without the aid of a professional medium, we had occasional help from well-known voice mediums—Mrs. Wriedt, Mrs. Robert Johnson, Mrs. Cooper, each kindly giving us help and power. At one sitting with Mrs. Blanche Cooper, just before Christmas 1922, a spirit child, the daughter of a member of our circle, suggested we should dress a Christmas tree especially for the children in the Spheres, as I described in the January issue of the *International Psychic Gazette* for 1925. We took the idea up with energy, stimulated by the enthusiasm of our spirit friends, who never failed at any meeting I went to, or through whatever medium it happened to be, to refer to the matter, and advise us as to the class of toys we were to get. In nearly all cases we were advised to get "furry" toys, as the spirit children preferred these, and the same injunctions were given this Christmas.

I should like to mention that again I've had letters of appreciation of the story, not only from English readers of the *International Psychic Gazette* and *Light*, but from several European countries and far-away Australia and New Zealand. It has been a source of much gratification to find such interest shown in this little function, and must be also to the editors of these psychic papers to find their journals penetrate to these far-off regions. Many sent toys labelled with the names of children who had crossed over, and in order to rule out all question of telepathy, I never once consulted the labels, so that when references were made to the names (as did occur at the sittings), the evidential value was the greater. Not that we required confirmation, but when tests are voluntarily given, it is not for us to ignore them.

Some remarkable incidents characterised the sitting this year, in particular the very fact of having the medium at all, for Mrs. Blanche Cooper, who kindly offered her services again, was very unwell. Heart trouble and laryngitis compelled her to give up her work, but she was restored to health, and enabled to place her services at our disposal by that great and good spirit Abduhl Latif, of whose ministrations on behalf of suffering humanity I have had abundant proof.

This incident will be related in due course. Just previous to the sitting, two little incidents revealed how closely our actions are followed, at times, by our spirit friends. I was told by a spirit child "We see'd you buying the 'Tismas toys and we was pleased" (observe the grammar!), and another time I was told, "We see'd the 'Tismas-tree." As I had not seen it myself or even bought it, I asked how that could be, and an older spirit said, "The children were with you when you spoke about it to the florist, and they sensed the tree he had in his mind, and followed him to where he kept it." Further evidence, this, of the tangibility of thought, and the ease with which they can read it!

To relate all the incidents of interest would occupy much more space than is allotted me, but I will recount a few. It should be noted that Mrs. Cooper entered the room only a few minutes before the sitting started, and beyond seeing there was a big tree with many toys there, knew nothing of the labels on the toys, or the greetings we had written on cards to those of our friends who had passed over. Yet all whose names were on it attended the seance, and many referred to the greetings. Twenty-one voices conversed directly with us, and some dozen other children, whose names we obtained from the spirits, we heard speaking amongst themselves.

It was the greatest charm and delight of the sitting to hear these baby voices conversing. We heard the children assembling, and their pleasure was evident from the expressions we caught. The babel of voices, and excitement were precisely the same as would be found at a gathering of children here. My position in the

circle placed me, practically, amongst the branches of the tree, and all through the sitting the little voices sounded round me, sometimes overlapping each other, at others question and answer of the children could be distinguished. The tree was away from the medium, and it was quite impossible for her to move a single toy on it, yet the whole time the tree was swaying, the toys rattling, and the wind bells tinkling as the little ones played with the toys with their materialised hands. At times the materialised drapery of the spirit robes of the older spirits was drawn across our faces, spirit lights seen on the other side of the room from where the medium was sitting, and psychic waves played over the circle in cool gusts, though shut windows and doors precluded even the suggestion of a draught.

An old spirit, whom we were told was a Persian, addressed us in a melodious chant, composed in the Spheres, and then a clear and powerful male voice rang out in the room, "I, Abduhl Latif, I cured the medium. I impressed the earth specialist with a true diagnosis; she will recover." We were then told by another spirit that the doctor attending Mrs. Cooper had been impressed to seek advice from a specialist. Unknown to himself, the expert was psychic, and had been selected by Abduhl for that reason, as he could more readily be impressed. "And I'll tell you something else," said the spirit. "When the prescription Abduhl impressed the specialist to write was first made up, by the doctor, a certain important ingredient was omitted, and the doctor was impressed to make up a fresh bottle containing this ingredient."

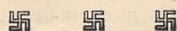
We also received a visit from the late Mr. Wriedt, the husband of Mrs. Wriedt of Detroit, herself known for nearly fifty years in America and England as a voice medium. He had suffered for a year with Bright's Disease, and only made the passage on December 11, 1925; but Mrs. Cooper knew nothing of this. He only gave a short message as he knew the sitting was really for the children, but said that the Spheres were more wonderful and beautiful than ever he had imagined.

A child named Dorothy who had passed out in America came with a message of love to her people. She asked for a toy from the tree "sent by my people—I would like the squaw." The medium had not seen and did not know that some toys dressed by Indians had been sent, and this was a capital bit of evidence.

A little child named Isabelle who made the passage before she drew breath on earth and who has often manifested, said, "We've have anudder 'Tismas tree next 'Tismas?" I said "You shall, dear, but that's more than three hundred days yet." "Oh dear!" said the child in an alarmed tone, "what did oo say?" and then the voice left me and sounded plaintively in a different part of the room, with, "What does he mean, Auntie Mary?" A female voice soft and clear said, "You will know more about it when you grow older." "But he said—oh! what did he say?" continued the child in a pathetic tone. "I'm afraid I've alarmed Isabelle," I said. "Yes," replied Auntie Mary, "you see we do not measure time here by weeks, months or years, and had you said 'one year' it would not have startled the child, but what you said seemed to her such a dreadful time that she was overpowered. She doesn't want to wait so long as that appeared, but I'll explain it to her."

A spirit came whose robe was described thus by a guide—"He has a white robe on, it scintillates like waving silk, and beautiful colours come and go as he floats away. It looks as though mingled with the colours of the rainbow at times. Colours signify much in the Spheres, and do on earth, more than is imagined. They react upon disease, and your medical men should study their effect upon illness; as some colours have great beneficial influence upon certain diseases."

We heard one child claim a toy because he was a year older than the one who desired it, and others because "mummie sent it," or because their name was attached to it. A little incident occurred which emphasises the fact that telepathy, on which theory so much is relied upon as an explanation in some quarters, has nothing to do with the phenomena. A spirit child named Eileen asked for a certain toy, and a sitter said, "Oh yes, I know; your name is on it." "No," said the child, "that was Margery's name. I had no toy named for me, but one has been given me, and my brother has one too."



In the highest civilisation the book is still the highest delight. He who has once known its satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity.—Emerson.

Is it Telepathy?

By W. H. EVANS.

FOR some days during the month of December last there have appeared in the *Daily News* articles on Spiritualism by a special correspondent. These record his experiences and inquiries, and he presents a fair and unbiased report, though he seems to have been singularly unfortunate in his search for personal evidence.

In the issue of December 30 appears an interesting article dealing with a case of "direct voice," recorded in the proceedings of the S.P.R. by Mr. S. G. Soal. The *Daily News* correspondent divides Spiritualists into three classes: (a) those who accept survival and communion with the spirit world; (b) those who accept the reality of psychic phenomena, but are doubtful of the Spiritualist hypothesis; and (c) those who, while accepting the reality of the phenomena, are confident their explanation will be found in the unknown powers of the subconscious mind.

This last, our correspondent tells us, is causing a good deal of anxiety among thinking Spiritualists, but as Spiritualists have been aware of this last hypothesis for over thirty years they seem to be a long time anxious! Every thinking Spiritualist is aware that such theories as telepathy and the subconscious are supplementary to the spirit hypothesis, and no intelligent Spiritualist brings in the spirit hypothesis to explain every phenomenon. But it is admitted, even by the class C Psychical Researcher, that the spirit theory is the only one that accounts for all the facts, the other theories accounting for a few, but not all.

The case recorded by Mr. Soal is an interesting one and bristles with difficulties. Briefly it is this, Mr. Soal had some seances with Mrs. Blanche Cooper, the direct voice medium at the British College of Psychic Science. At these sittings he received communications from what purported to be the spirit of an old school-friend, whom he believed had been killed in the war. The spirit gave his name, and other bits of evidence of his identity, and Mr. Soal seems to have been satisfied that he was in contact with his friend. Then after a considerable period Mr. Soal discovered that this friend had not been killed in the war, but was still living in the flesh. Later Mr. Soal received communication from a spirit who was an entirely fictitious character named "John Ferguson," carrying on lengthy conversations with him. Before going to a sitting Mr. Soal invented various incidents in the life of "John Ferguson," and all these incidents were faithfully reproduced by the direct voice. This experience tallies with some experiments I made years ago at seances where a table was the means of communication. Although I was not in contact with the table, I mentally answered the questions put by the sitters, which answers were given by tilts through the table. Others have had the like experience. Spiritualists are not so far behind as some imagine, being prone to make experiments of various kinds.

In his summing up Mr. Soal says, "It would appear that the case for spontaneous telepathy between medium and sitter is far stronger than the average psychic researcher usually admits. Indeed, it would seem to be so extensive that in the present state of our knowledge we are not justified in putting any limits to it." To which the *Daily News* correspondent adds—"The inference is, of course, that all messages seeming to come from the dead may eventually turn out to be due to spontaneous telepathy between the living."

Now what is telepathy? Myers, who invented the word, defined it thus: "It is the communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another, independently of the recognised channels of sense." This does not tell us the "how," it simply labels the phenomenon. Unfortunately, there are a lot of people in the world who imagine that when a name is given to some strange happening it is thereby explained. In the definition only two people are involved, the sender and the receiver of the impression. There is a third agent, *viz.*, the medium of transmission—who or what that is has to be discovered. I suspect that when we examine the theory of telepathy with a view to account for all the messages which have come through the channel of mediumship, it will be like the curate's egg, good in parts!

The case reported in the *Daily News* presents some interesting points for consideration. First, there is the phenomenon of "the voice"—who or what produces it? It is not the voice of the medium or the sitter; it presents the characteristics of independent personality. If it is the subconsciousness of the medium, masquerading as an extraneous personality, how or where does it gain the

necessary knowledge to produce a voice? We are informed that for this purpose a larynx is materialised. This involves a knowledge of physiology, chemistry, and biological law which transcends the knowledge of our greatest scientists. If we say, "Oh! it is telepathy," our problem is rendered more difficult, instead of being simplified. Of course, Mr. Soal is aware of these points, and only applies the theory of telepathy to explain the source of the knowledge given, which he believes was his own mind. The *Daily News* correspondent seems blissfully unconscious of this aspect of the case. If there is such a profound knowledge possessed by our subconscious selves, we must endeavour to discover a method whereby we can get at it. In any case, if a part of our being can masquerade in this way during its temporary independence of the body, does it not imply that it may, when death comes, continue to live and prove survival in another way? That too is a probability. I suggest that the *Daily News* correspondent try his mental teeth upon this problem.

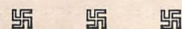
The other question of the sources of information trenches upon ethical grounds. This subconsciousness, to whoever it belonged, was in his experiment a liar. It assumed to be the spirit of a man who had not passed to spirit life. Who then was the liar? The medium or the sitter? This is an unpleasant dilemma, but I don't believe either of them to have been untruthful. It seems to me, if we are to assume the subconsciousness as the source of this, that we are crediting it with powers it does not possess. It is not immoral, but unmoral. It has no perception of right or wrong. It is blindly receptive to any suggestion made, and acts up to it without any perception of right or wrong about the matter. We are all more or less aware of a stratum of personality which delights in masquerade. We are all actors underneath, and if this stratum comes into prominence we then get the irresponsible chatterer, who will invent all kinds of stories, not with malice, but simply through lack of perception of the moral law. That may account for the message from Gordon Davis to Mr. Soal.

There is another aspect. Are there deceiving spirits? We know there are in this life, and as there is a constant stream of people passing to the other side, and the way is open to all to return, there are undoubtedly deceiving and malignant spirits in the spirit-world. That is, in fact, like this, a very human world. Professor Hyslop said he fought against the idea of obsession by baleful spirits for ten years, but had to give in through the force of evidence. There are undeveloped spirits, and there are cases of obsession. The best safeguard against both is the rational development of mediumship.

We thus have three alternatives in the case of Gordon Davis:—1, Mrs. Blanche Cooper's subconscious self was lying; 2, Mr. Soal's subconscious self was lying, or acting in collaboration with Mrs. Cooper's subconsciousness; or 3, it was a lying spirit. If we rule out this latter and say it was telepathy, then the subconsciousness of both Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Soal were engaged in deceiving their normal selves. Perhaps the wise man who said "all men are liars" had some dim perception of this possibility!

Of course, in the case of "John Ferguson" we have an experiment with a definite object. The moral factor is not so prominent. It was a case of testing the theory of telepathy, and it held good so far as "John Ferguson" was concerned. But we still have the problem of "how" the voice is produced. And here I leave it for my readers to ponder over. It would be good to have the views of others upon this case.

NOTE.—Since the above was written the *Daily News* correspondent has had further sittings with mediums and had definite results, but he is still dubious as to the explanation of the phenomena.—W.H.E.



LORD FISHER, writing of Mr. W. T. Stead, after the "Titanic" disaster, said:—"He was a missionary all his life, fearless even when alone, believing in his God—the God of truth—and his enemies all rued it when they fought him. He was an exploder of 'gas-bags' and the terror of liars."

A WARNING.—We are informed by the honorary secretary of the Crewe Spiritualist Church that a man giving the name of "Ernest Whittingham" has been going about the country representing himself as the private secretary of the Editor of this *Gazette* and the secretary of the Mediums' Union, Manchester. We know nothing of this man, and Spiritualists should be on their guard.

Spirit Messages from the Druid Bard, Casedyn.

WRITTEN DOWN BY WILL CARLOS.

WITH THE SPIRITS IN HADES.

THE following is the continuation of the Bard Casedyn's first chapter (begun in our January number), giving an account of his mission to the Underworld. It will be remembered that Casedyn had just arrived at a proud city of intellectuals, whose Warden had demanded the purpose of his quest, and the bard replied—"I am in quest of souls that need the light." Then the Warden continued:—

"We need not thy light, rude minstrel. We are those who have attained superiority over the rest of men by virtue of our mastery of the self. Canst thou not perceive that we have attained the spiritual Olympus, and that we rest from our labours in a crystal city where we possess the magical powers claimed by the wise? Thy light is, compared with ours, as the gleam of a glow-worm compared with the noonday sun." (This he uttered in a tone of such supreme arrogance as it has never been my lot to hear equalled.)

"I fear me I shall be blinded when I perceive thy light," I returned, "but surely thou wilt permit me to display such light as I possess?"

"We will hear what thou hast to say, since nothing can disturb our tranquillity; but look not for converts here," he remarked.

"I will sing thee some songs I know," I replied, "for my mission is to convey solace to souls that are sad or afflicted."

"We need not thy solace, for we have soared above sadness and affliction. Thy work is needed in the valleys below; but if thou wilt, we will hear thy lays, and advise thee how to adapt them to the rabble below us."

Then was I conducted into a spacious chamber, where many sat or lounged, either intent on study or deep in thought. The chamber was lofty with a vaulted roof, supported by pillars of a chaste design, with carved symbols of every conceivable description, embracing those of all the ancient faiths, those of the solar mythos predominating. The walls, roof and pillars seemed carved of white iridescent marble, embellished with gold and silver, and many jewels of every hue. Tall windows, adorned with delicate traceries, let in a full refulgent light, except one in the eastern end, which was filled with an elaborate design in some multicoloured transparent substance. The meaning of the design I was unable to unravel, so I implored my conductor to make it clear to me.

"It is a symbol of Cosmos, arising out of Chaos," he answered, "but mayhap it is beyond thee to realise the purport." It was indeed a bewildering theme, treated in a manner equally bewildering, and I nodded my head in assent.

I was bidden to a seat at the entrance while my conductor made known my presence, for it seemed as though none was aware of our intrusion. I had leisure to survey the occupants of the place. Men and women alike were draped, and posed as though sitting in perpetuity for sculptor or artist. The most aesthetic tints were adopted, and the groups as well as individuals seemed as though placed for effect, and all the graces were enlisted in their service. To me it was highly artificial, and it reminded me of the contrast between the gardens of Roman villas as compared with the beauty of the natural landscape. To me they were actors systematically trained to enact spurious or artificial parts until they had become mere machines—their thinking, speaking, gestures, attitudes, and all being merely a show, effectually obscuring the individuals within from the gaze of their fellows. Their faces were as though moulded of wax, and all the natural emotions had been sedulously atrophied until they were no longer apparent.

The Warden explained to them, with many significant gestures, that as their lives were so unruffled some little break in the monotony would do them no harm, and even if the quality of my performance should prove, as he fully expected, beneath their recognition, they could afford to let it pass, as a shadow may sometimes enhance a light, or a fault enhance beauty. With great condescension his audience consented to become mine. The Warden accordingly brought me forward to the centre of the chamber, and tuning my long-silent harp I sang the following couplets impromptu:—

SONG.

"The sun gleams on the rippling sea and on the placid lake,
And into air the vapours rise, by the hot orb's uptake;

These form in clouds and sail serene under the arch of
Heaven,
And lend their beauty to the scene, all colours in them
woven;
Then comes the wind in hasty pace, and rends them into
wracks,
And drives them headlong thro' the air until the thunder
cracks;
The heat removed, they sullen lie and form a heavy pall,
Wax cooler still, and then, as rain, begin earthward to fall;
Cooler again, as sleet, hail, snow, they lose their giddy
height,
And come again to clothe the world in garments of pure
white;
While zephyrs play they keep their calm, their beauty
they display;
But when the winds are rough and cold they cannot stand
the fray;
The charm of earth affects them still and, weighted by
earth's dust,
They fall again to bring that dust back to its parent crust.
Thus God permits some men to rise to empyrean heights,
But willeth they shall fall again after their lofty flights,
And in returning bring a boon to those less favoured mates
Who still are tied down to the earth by the unfeeling fates;
Ye who now listen to my song, I liken ye to clouds,
I bid ye cease your loftiness and succour give the crowds—
The crowds I mean, of fellow men, both in this sphere
and earth,
And going, bear to them the news of glorious after-birth.
I am an ardent wind that blows, love from my heart
doth surge,
And if ye wisely pay me heed, ye need no further urge."

At this stage of my song I noted that some slight perturbation began to evince itself, for expressions of haughty disdain were discoverable on the faces of a few. I sang on:—

"If ye will not there comes a day when tempests from
on high,
Shall rend your false tranquillity and force ye to comply."

At this the Warden raised his hand to bid me cease.

"Thou art paying us ill for our indulgence," he cried;
"who art thou that darest so impiously to disrupt our
peace?"

"Permit him to continue, Brother Warden," interposed
a very languid man, "it is verily amusing to hear those
crudities; it is long since we have been similarly regaled."

"Yea, let him proceed," chimed in others. The
Warden signified his reluctant consent. Nothing loth,
I continued:—

"Ye fondly dream ye have attained the peak of culture's
height,
And look with scorn on those below as yet immured in
night;
Ye are deluded, there are yet much higher heights to
climb,
For this is but the primer stage of the ascent sublime;
No tongue can tell, no mind conceive, the peaks which
soar above
The hillocks of this sordid plane, as lust's outsoared
by love.
I have beheld them shining high, immeasurable heights,
Beyond the puny human mind's imaginative flights.
Where have I seen them? In a land beyond the valley
road,
For I have rested there awhile in my loved one's abode.
A mountain-path ye have to tread before that land is
gained,
And strenuous efforts have to make ere the high goal's
attained.
The heights of cultured intellect inferior are to these,
Which only can be scaled by those who live to others
please.
The highest angels look not down with pride, scorn, or
contempt
Upon inferior morals—they are from pride exempt;
Humility must be the garb of those aspiring high,
For pride deters the progress of all who seek the sky."

I ceased singing, and with head bowed awaited the verdict of my auditors, waiting while my words went home, hoping that they would find some fertile crevice in the rock-bound flintiness of their consciences. Then arose a man of a more reverent mien, who with great gravity asked for more information of the country I had described so briefly in my song. His eyes were dark grey and deep-seated, his brow like a snow-covered hill,

(Continued on page 74.)

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Immortality.

THERE is no more educative pursuit than digging beneath the surface of our language to discover its real meanings. Popular usage has often shorn words of their true content, distorted them past recognition from their original signification, or filled them with a strange medley of inconsistent interpretations. In no case is this truer than with the word "IMMORTALITY." It comes to us from the Latin word *mors*, meaning death, the prefix *im* signifying negation, and the suffix *ality*, a condition of what is contained in the preceding syllables. So Immortality was originally intended to convey "a condition that is not death." The dictionary loosely tells us it means "exemption from death," but it was never intended to connote immunity from physical death, the common lot of mortal men. It expressed a very widespread belief that our mortal body is not all there is of us, that when that crumbles in the dust we are not dead and done with, that some intangible part of us—our mind, soul, spirit, or self—goes on, is not snuffed out like a candle-flame, that the "I" in us survives, and that "the grave is not our goal."

This idea has taken many shapes. In some minds, it has been a pure time-notion, suggesting prolonged existence, but presenting no picture of any particular kind of incorporeal life. Such minds give as an excuse for not "condescending to details" that the future has been wisely hidden from them, that death is a bourne from which no traveller has ever returned, and that it is not for them to pry into the secrets of the Almighty.

To this colourless time-notion of Immortality other minds have added a place-notion. The undying part of them will live somewhere—where, they cannot tell, but in some unimagined region in space, possibly in the heavens above or in the depths below.

Then again these time-place notions are associated with a moral idea. Continued existence somewhere will be conditioned by the deeds done by men while in the body; if good they will be rewarded by an eternal life of happiness, if evil punished by an existence of endless torture. The Roman Catholic Church has preached a post-mortem Purgatory where sinful men shall be purified and made fit for heaven. Theosophy has proclaimed yet another state, called Devachan, where souls shall rest in oblivion awaiting the time—maybe soon, and maybe in hundreds or thousands of years—when they shall return to earth, inhabit new bodies, receive redress for all inequalities and injustices previously suffered, and so justify the ways of God to men!

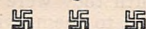
The idea of Immortality is also modified by varied views as to the resurrection. Men die, but they shall rise again. When and how? Old Theology furnished exceedingly pictorial replies. Men shall rest in the grave until the world to an end shall come; on the Last Day they shall hear a universal trumpet-call to arise; the graves will give up their dead; the good and the evil shall be arraigned before the divine Judgment Seat, and thence be consigned to a destiny of

bliss or woe. This bodily resurrection is now being varied, in tribute to modern scientific knowledge, by a doctrine that the widely sundered atoms of the body shall not again be reconstituted, but that only some ungarmented "spiritual essence" of ourselves shall render its account and thereafter enjoy bliss or suffer torture. Other theologians again have taught that the souls of believers pass immediately at death into glory, and that the souls of unbelievers descend directly into hell. These assume a sort of Death-bed Judgment, in addition to that Great Day of Judgment when the result of this preliminary adjudication will presumably be reversed or confirmed.

These may be fairly described as the popular ideas of Immortality, gathered by men's vain guesses and gropings, secular and theological. The Spiritualistic idea is not among them, because it is still non-popular. It claims to be based on experimental knowledge and a true understanding of the doctrine of Jesus and St. Paul, and teaches that the Resurrection is immediate, that as part of the established order of nature the soul emerges at death from the defunct body and continues the life begun here in a more ethereal garment—continues to live, love, think, and make progress towards perfection, while at the same time it can comfort, minister to, and commune with souls still physically enshrouded on this mortal plane of existence.

This absolute knowledge of continued conscious life is a high peak to which Humanity has climbed in its search for the truth of Immortality. It has long been a *terra incognita* to the world's masses, though it has always been there, and has been explored by the psychically alive in all times.

Because we possess this knowledge we ought not, however, to be unduly puffed up, and think there is no higher summit yet to climb in order to visualise the full meaning of Immortality. Professor Henry Drummond, in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," has emphasised that Immortality means Life Eternal—that Life (whether in vegetable, animal, or man) means always correspondence with environment, and that failure to correspond is Death; that Eternal Life is a certain noble quality of life and not an endless duration; that "to know God is Eternal Life"; that, in short, it is the active conscious correspondence of that spark of the divine that lighteth every man that cometh into the world with its Eternal Source, its true Environment. This is an even higher phase of Immortality than the Communion of Souls, and it far transcends all the dreams of space and time. It is the mystical union, the re-established living conscious relationship of Humanity with the Father of All Who has been ever "knocking at the door"—seeking for response and recognition. When mankind and God meet face to face, each knowing as they are known, then shall be known in perfect measure the full meaning of IMMORTALITY.—J. L.



There has been one period in human history when for a time death was practically abolished. I refer to the first few years of the history of Christianity. I do not know anything like it anywhere else in all the world. Paul, you remember, says from his point of view, "To die is gain," that "to depart and be with Christ is far better"; and he cries out, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" He had, as he believed, a knowledge—not a faith merely—a knowledge that abolished death and put a meaning and a victory into human life such as it had not known from the beginning of the world until then. This was a victory which was shared by thousands of early Christian believers.—Rev. Minot J. Savage.

St. Paul's and St. Peter's Remains: Are they in Britain?-II

By FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A.

WE have so far found that in a genuine letter of Pope Vitalian, recorded in Bede's great work, the evidence for which is corroborated by an independent contemporary writer, the Pope announced to Oswio (generally known as Oswy), King of Northumbria, that he was—at the date of his letter, 667 A.D.—dispatching to him by the king's own messengers the blessed "relics" of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, along with those of four other saints of minor importance. The claim that the actual bodies were sent on this occasion depends, as we saw, on proofs being found of motives at this critical moment strong enough to actuate the Pope to send such highly prized treasures as the actual remains of the two Apostles out of Rome for safety's sake, and to England and Northumbria of all places as the asylum of their safe custody, and to take this step with such secrecy that only the fewest persons possible were made cognisant of the actual facts.

This is the task before us now. It is a lawyer's job; for, owing to these extreme precautions for secrecy, the claim must rest on circumstantial rather than on direct evidence. Statements made by the contemporary annalists in England and Rome must be scrutinised with this clue in our mind to find a presumption for our case, and details supporting it must be threaded together into a brief for the claimants before the bar of public judgment.

But to get a right comprehension and valuation of the events we must note first the state of affairs and mental atmosphere prevailing at this period in Rome and England. In this the seventh century Rome was not in the proud position she occupied before and after. The Latin territories had been so mercilessly overrun and plundered by hordes of barbarians that the Roman emperors had removed their court and administrative centre to Byzantium and the East. South Italy and Rome were administered civilly by a governor called the Ex-arch, residing at a distance in headquarters at Ravenna, near the mouth of the Po. The rest of Italy was under the domination of a heathen Suevic nation called Lombards, who descending from the Elbe through Austria in the previous century had conquered the effete Italians and set up along the Po and down the Apennines a kingdom practically independent. They were at this time a people chiefly given over to lawlessness and brigandage, with only a pretence in a few cities to a veneer of Christian civilisation.

Rome itself and its surrounding territory was in a pitiable condition—its nobility and culture almost extinct; the ecclesiastics ill-educated, ill-informed, bigoted, jealous, suspicious, torn with petty personal rivalries and barren controversies; the common folk an ignorant impoverished populace, with rude brutal tastes and manners, decimated by constant plague and plunder. Consequently, the Popes of this period, who were generally themselves enlightened and politic administrators, had few or no counsellors in the conclaves whom they could trust, while their sway over prelates in distant provinces like France and Germany was merely nominal. The Episcopal courts at Lyons, Cologne, and Paris were in a declared state of insubordination and rivalry against papal interference.

As for England, it was in a similar distressful period of its career. For over two centuries the country had been occupied by hordes of Saxon settlers, now distributed into seven principalities known as the Heptarchy—Northumbria, Mercia, E. Anglia, Essex, Kent, Sussex, Wessex—all striving for the supremacy of overlordism, with constant civil war and intrigues. The struggle in this century had lain chiefly between the first two named—with varying fortunes—first Northumbria, then Mercia, gaining the upper hand. It was not till a century and a half later that this ruinous condition was made to cease by the submergence of the seven kingdoms into one, under Egbert.

The people of Saxon England were still for the most part ignorant heathens, kept in constant distress by pestilence and plunder. The Augustine mission, sent by Gregory the Great some seventy years before this, had been ignorant of Saxon ways and language, and had

done little more than Christianise some of the Courts, and establish a few settlements of monks, who were intent on saving their souls from the world rather than preaching to the people. The old Cymric Christianity, founded by the Avalon settlers and consecrated by St. Paul, had perished with the fall of the Cymric civilisation before the pagan Saxons. Their work in the spread of the faith and gospel had been taken over by their cousins and converts in N. Ireland, who at this time were spreading in settlements in Iona and the Scottish lowlands, for the express purpose of establishing universities and centres of education and civilisation and sending trained missionaries to convert the masses, not only in their immediate neighbourhood but away into the borderland districts of Saxondom, and even to the heathen peoples of the Baltic regions. This Christian Church was known as the Celtic or Scotie, and its missionaries as the Culdees.

Both Oswy and Oswald, his elder brother, whom he had succeeded, had been Christianised and educated as youths in the Culdee School of Iona when their royal father was a refugee there. They were both therefore devoted to the Celtic forms and work, and contemptuous of the innovations and claims of the aristocratic Roman party. Oswald, on accession, finding his subjects practically still heathen, had called to his aid Celtic missionaries under Aiden and settled them at Lindisfarne. They worked with such zeal that his people not only all became baptised but were filled with such devotion for their new faith that he marched them to force Mercia into Christianity. But Penda was too strong for him. He was defeated and slain and his memory worshipped by his followers.

Oswy, equally devoted to Celtic mission zeal, was more diplomatic. He sought throughout his reign to establish the Celtic church in Mercia by peaceful penetration and the intermarriage of his daughter with Penda's son. But in his queen, Eanfleda, he had a powerful and cleverly intriguing opponent. She was connected with the Kentish and Anglian Courts where the Roman party had by now completely established themselves. She had been educated in the Roman faith by the great Paulinus himself. With the help of her two bishops and her chaplains she had so imbued her children with her own views and devotion that they sided with her in all her contentions against King Oswy and his Celtic missionaries, who now on Aiden's death were under Bishop Colman.

These two rival systems of Christian organisation were going on in the Northumbrian Court side by side, and leading to constant disputes and conditions of disorganisation. The differences settled chiefly round two points: first, the right way to calculate the Easter celebrations—(when Oswy and his Celtic officials were holding public rejoicings on Easter day his queen and her family and her suite were still in the penances of Lent)—and, secondly, over the rights to have St. Paul's remains in the country, where the Celts asserted he had intended they should remain, to bless his last great mission work. The Papal party replied, "*Beati possidentes*."

It was just this formulation of differences at Court that led to the first episode we must note—the mysterious dispatch by Queen Eanfleda of two noble youths from her suite to Pope Eugenius, some dozen years or so before our main date of 667 A.D. Nominally they went with letters of introduction to the Vatican to complete their education, but from the way the idea originated it was evident they had a secret mission, viz., to sound the Pope's feelings on the possibility of effecting a reconciliation between the two Christian Churches in Northumbria, by giving way on the St. Paul claim in exchange for Oswy's concession to Latin practices on the Easter question. The episode is noteworthy for two reasons: it gives us the motive why England was selected in 667 to have the honour of the custody of the two Apostles' remains, and also introduces us to two romantic personalities, Biscop and Wilfrid, who play a leading part in the subsequent events, and in the final triumph of the Latin over the Celtic Church, and the consequent unification of English Christendom.

It came about in this way. Eanfleda's eldest son, Alchfrid—devoted, heart and soul, to her church views, and now heir to Oswy—was just coming of age, and on the eve of being appointed to the Princedom of Deira. Northumbria, it should be remembered, was divided into two provinces, Bernicia, extending from the Forth to the Tees, and Deira, from that river to the Humber. Deira was in the same position that Wales was to England in after days—a province of inhabitants of a different

origin and customs and tendencies, and therefore ruled by their prince in a government almost independent.

A few years before this there had come to Oswy's court in quest of fortune a manly and rich young nobleman who, on coming of age, had succeeded to a Northumbrian thanedom. Well-educated, well-bred, serious, practical, resourceful, honourable, loyal, he soon attracted Oswy's shrewd attention. He had not to wait long before the King first appointed him to minor executive offices at Court, and finally attached him to the suite of Prince Alchfrid, to act as his chief companion and adviser. He was now twenty-five years of age. His name was Biscop. In the Saxon annals we read of Biscop, Beda's son, and also of Biscop Baducing, which means the same thing; and as Beda, the chief historian of these times, came as an orphan of seven into the charge of Biscop, and spent the most of his long life in Biscop's monastery at Wearmouth, it is presumed he was Biscop's nephew, and called after his grandfather. Therefore, whatever Bede tells us in this story comes from Biscop himself first-hand, and what Bede omits is supplemented by another first-hand narrator of the life career of Biscop, viz., Nennius, whose minute biography of his abbot has come down to us.

The queen, full of the new intrigue ever hatching in her fertile mind, first conceived the idea of sending her son to Rome with Biscop as his travelling companion to act as her secret envoys, and opened out her scheme to them. The two romantic youths eagerly enlisted themselves to carry out her plan. Thinking she could easily get Oswy's consent, on the innocent pretext that such a journey to Rome would be excellent for the young prince's final training for affairs, she sent Biscop off to her friend the Archbishop at Canterbury to procure the necessary letters of commendation to the Pope. But, when she approached the king, she found him obstinately refusing to allow his son to take the risks that attended travellers in those lawless and insanitary days.

But Eanfleda was not a person to be baffled when intent on a plan of intrigue. Biscop she arranged was to proceed on the journey on his own account, and as a travelling companion in place of her son she dispatched off to Canterbury, there to join Biscop, a handsome young courtier in her suite—her pet and protégé—Wilfrid. We must here introduce this leading character of our later story, one of the most romantic personages of Saxon times. In his case also we have the details of his long career recorded in the biography of him by a chronicler with first-hand knowledge. Of noble lineage and early orphaned, he was sent at the age of fourteen by his stepmother to Eanfleda's court to act as her page. Dainty, pretty and gay, but very shrewd, he played up to the habits of his mistress by joining so earnestly in her private oratory devotions that she took a fancy to make him a priest and her private chaplain. So she sent him off to be educated for this career, first to Oswy's local ecclesiastical seminary, and then to her church fathers at Canterbury, the archbishop of which was a highly-polished French prelate. There he had learnt French manners and the French language, and had only recently returned to the suite of his queen and patroness. It was a happy thought to complete further his education by sending him off as Biscop's companion. He was some four years the younger of the two.

So these youths set forth on their adventures, gay and debonaire, but a great contrast in character—a contrast which destined them hereafter to be life-long rivals and antagonists. Biscop—a man's man—ever serious, self-sacrificing, unostentatious, tactful, loyal to his word and ideals; Wilfrid gay, unusually handsome, polished, attractive, a woman's favourite everywhere, lighthearted, meaning well, but ever more shrewd for the worldly success of his plans than open to higher ideals of policy. Biscop looked ever within himself to the spirit world for inspiration, not, as his rival did, to conventional church dignity. Let us remember this; for it will suggest that as he was constantly being prompted from the spirit side, what he did was done expressly in accordance with their design.

Their journey first brought the travellers to Lyons, then under the rule of Bishop Annemund, brother to the Count of Burgundy. Gay, handsome Wilfrid, it seems, at once with his polished French manners outshone his comrade, and not only captivated the count's daughter but took the fancy of the bishop, who offered if he would stay in Lyons for the winter to adopt him for a son, and make him the count's son-in-law, and send him on to Rome in the spring with princely escort and special introductions. Wilfrid, dazzled by this sudden temptation of a romantic fortune, consented to stay and be adopted, but declined the offer of marriage on the plea of his intention for a church career.

Biscop, indignant at this betrayal of the queen's mission, quarreled with Wilfrid, never to be reconciled again in life, and proceeded on to Rome as a lonely humble

traveller. We find him when arrived at Rome at first daily visiting the oratories of St. Paul and St. Peter, and praying to the Apostles, then after gaining a long audience with Pope Eugenius, he finally returned to his queen, bringing not the remains of St. Paul but some other relics. Doubtless he took back an answer of the unwillingness of the Pope to disturb the remains of St. Paul, but approval of her efforts in the Latin interests.

As for Wilfrid, he duly arrived in the spring, and devoted himself to mastering from the Pope himself the exact Roman views on the Easter Day question. He did not return with this information at once to England, but stayed for two years at Lyons, helping his father by adoption. At the end of this time his worldly prospects there were brought to a sudden close by the execution of his patron, the Bishop, for being concerned in a conspiracy against the Count's liegeland at Cologne. Wilfrid, arrested along with Annemund, was pardoned on the condition that he returned to his native land.

In the next few years we find Biscop becoming so serious-minded that he renounced his political career at court, to devote himself to the task of educating and training the Latin monks, to make them more active workers among the people. For this purpose he resigned his office in the Prince's suite, and his place was taken by Wilfrid on his return. Wilfrid could make himself popular and intimate with ease wherever he went. Alchfrid and Wilfrid soon became like David and Jonathan to each other, and set about together to organise an active campaign and to oust Colman's Celtic missionaries from Deira.

(To be continued.)

With the Spirits in Hades.—(Continued from page 71)

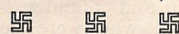
his nose aquiline in contour, his lips compressed with purpose, his carriage erect and dignified as a pine-tree.

"Dost thou presume to teach this assembly that there are other spheres higher than this?"

"The place I sang of is called the Blest Valley of Peace," I answered. "There happiness reigns, and service for God never ceases. No words of mine can adequately describe it; it needs to be seen, its beauty inhaled or imbibed; its meaning revealed to the inmost mind, before you can appreciate it. My soul is so full of its beauty that words seem too feeble to reach, much less to portray, its sweet grandeur. Two periods of rest have I enjoyed in its felicity, but service is there deemed essential before full possession can be won. I have embarked upon this mission to bring other souls to the light, and I would invite ye to join with me to rescue from darkness the souls in the dark vale below. Abandon your pride, conceit, and self-complacency, and seek out your luckless fellows and uplift them. Thy city is built on foundations devised by the wise of this world—on morals, ethics, practices, and theories as taught by the Esoteric Cults, and some on gospel, text or creed. I am aware that all thy confidence resteth on the teachings of the wise, but am also sure that they are as cobwebs when tested by souls of exalted worth. Your foundations are as fragile as a gossamer, and when the shock of revealed truth comes they will all totter and fall."

Even as I spoke there came from somewhere beneath a rumbling sound which visibly shook the structure we stood in. Great consternation fell upon some, and others remained unmoved.

(To be continued.)



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Welsh Spiritualist: "The Gazette keeps marvellously fresh."

The Sunderland Secretary: "Our people think the *International Psychic Gazette* is the most interesting of all the psychic papers."

A Devonshire Spiritualist: "A while ago I was looking at your editor's likeness in an old *Gazette*. On the instant came the feeling as if someone were saying, 'What a fighter that man is!' And well it is he is such a fighter, for no one helps the mediums as he does."

Two French Lady Spiritualists: "We thoroughly enjoy Mr. Thurstan's articles about the Apostle Paul. They inferentially confirm some things our spirit-friends told us years ago, and as for the other parts of *Gazette* we often find therein echoes of our former talks across the border and of our present impressions."

An Edinburgh Reader: "I congratulate you on the high standard of excellence maintained in each successive issue of your most interesting and helpful periodical, which is very popular among Scottish Spiritualists. The secret of its success lies, to my mind, in its containing a little of everything and not too much of anything, and it is specially attractive by its up-to-date articles and progressive policy."

Mr. Caradoc Evans Kisses "Feda."

"FEDA" is the spirit guide of Mrs. Osborne Leonard, who has done such marvellous historic work for Spiritualism. Sometimes Feda manifests at circles when Mrs. Leonard is not present, and at one of the first sittings held by Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Bradley at Dorincourt to obtain direct and independent voices without the aid of a professional medium "the spirit of Feda came through, and laughed and talked, and seemingly walked about the room." Mr. Bradley recounts the story at length in his new book, "The Wisdom of the Gods"—pages 36-44. The only sitters present were Mr. and Mrs. Bradley and their son Anthony; Mr. Caradoc Evans, the Welsh novelist and playwright, and his wife; and Mr. Noel Jaquin, the finger-print expert. On that day Mr. Bradley had bought the various instruments of a jazz band, and these were all played upon by the spirits in tune and harmony with music produced on a gramophone, the spiritual conductor of the band claiming to be Palestrina, the sixteenth-century Italian composer.

Mr. Caradoc Evans, in recording his experiences says:—

The various instruments of the small jazz band—which Mr. Bradley had bought earlier in the day, and which I had helped to unpack—began to move before the first gramophone record was half-way through. I had not heard jazz music previously, having no delight in that form of entertainment, but I am assured that the unseen players moved their pieces in unison with that which was played by the record. A few minutes later, while a record was reproducing Madame Galli-Curci's voice in an operatic song, the trumpet rose deliberately from the floor; usually it trembles a little before rising, but on this occasion it rose as deliberately as rises a man who has made up his mind for action. In a moment it was in the air, conducting with *majesty and dignity* the song that came from the gramophone.

We had been sitting about half an hour, when I felt a sharp dig at the side of my left knee. I asked my neighbour, who was sitting several feet away, "Did you stick your finger in my knee?" My neighbour

answered, "No." I said, "Somebody did." Then I heard a laugh. It sounded in the middle of the floor. "Is that you, Feda?" I asked, remembering Feda's tricks. Another laugh, and a voice said, "Yes."

C. E.—"Look here, young woman, you mustn't play tricks. Besides, nice girls do not stick their fingers into gentlemen's knees. And I bet you don't know who I am."

Feda—"I do."

C. E.—"Well?"

Feda—"Caradoc Evans."

C. E.—"Come close to me; maybe I'll be able to see you."

Feda came up to me, and though I could not see her, I felt her hands pressing my ankles together.

C. E.—"Sit on my lap, Feda."

Feda's spirit sat on my lap so substantially that the spirit might have been a child of flesh and blood.

C. E.—"What about a kiss?"

Two lips kissed my cheek several times; lips that were warm with the warmth of life and from between which came the breath that we know to be the breath of life.

When I think of Feda now I think of her not as a spirit, but as an engaging child who was a bit spoilt in life.

A similar incident is recorded by the late Sir William Crookes, O.M., F.R.S., in his "Researches into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism." In a seance at Hackney with the medium Miss Florence Cook, on March 29, 1874, the spirit of "Katie King" materialised. Sir William wrote:—

"Katie never appeared to greater perfection, and for nearly two hours she walked about the room, conversing familiarly with those present. On several occasions she took my arm when walking, and the impression conveyed to my mind that it was a living woman by my side, instead of a visitor from the other world, was so strong that the temptation to repeat a recent celebrated experiment became almost irresistible. Feeling, however, that if I had not a spirit, I had at all events a *lady* close to me, I asked her permission to clasp her in my arms, so as to be able to verify the interesting observations which a bold experimentalist has recently somewhat verbosely recorded. Permission was graciously given, and I accordingly did—well, as any gentleman would do under the circumstances. Mr. Volckman will be pleased to know that I can corroborate his statement that the 'ghost' (not 'struggling,' however), was as material a being as Miss Cook herself."

Florence Maryatt states in her book "There is no Death," that "Katie" frequently sat in her lap at seances.

Brief Notices of New Books.

IN "THE WISDOM OF THE GODS" Mr. Dennis Bradley continues his vivid though painstaking record of Spiritualistic experiences begun in "Towards the Stars." This second volume is even better than the first, for his inquiry has broadened out to other interesting phases of mediumship. Mr. Bradley specially invited people of note to the seances with a view to his publishing their frank impressions. The most striking event recorded is the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Bradley discovered they had themselves the gift of voice mediumship, and could give most remarkable seances to their guests without the aid of a professional medium. The book comprises sixty-two entrancing chapters which will appeal to a new public not often in touch with the wonders and miracles of Spiritualism. Four plates show a spirit's signature and supernormal imprints made by a materialised butterfly, a bird, and a human hand, all under rigid test conditions. (*Werner Laurie, Ltd., 7/6 net.*)

The Rev. John Lamond, D.D., has written "KATHLEEN" as a tribute to the beautiful life of his daughter who died in 1922. He describes her early years, her religious development, and her final illness, and in the last five chapters records his conversations with her through the veil of death. Twenty-one chapters are devoted to the learned doctor's inquiry into the meaning and value of Spiritualism. The work is notable as the self-revelation of a sane, well-balanced Scottish parish minister during the process of becoming a Spiritualist, without becoming a whit less a good Christian. His reflections on every kind of religious and human topic are as homely as they are instructive, and his descriptions of the hills, dales, and rivers of Scotland amid which he sojourned in his summer vacations will pleasantly communicate his deep love of nature to city dwellers. The book is one we commend with pleasure to inquirers who desire to learn about Spiritualism not as a sensation, but as it has presented itself to the calm eyes of a careful and reverent investigator. Dr. Lamond has had the courage to publicly

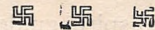
espouse Spiritualism and to spread its truth as a highly-esteemed apostle. (*Hutchinsons, 6/- net.*)

"WHO'S WHO IN OCCULT, PSYCHIC, AND SPIRITUAL REALMS" is a work that has been long wanted, giving the names and addresses of principal societies and workers in each department named throughout the world. It is the result of years of hard work in collecting and arranging particulars by Mr. William Hartmann, a Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Occult Science, and has apparently been done with great thoroughness, for a scrutiny reveals few inaccuracies. Any incompleteness in this first issue is due to particulars not having been sent on application, but this will doubtless be remedied as soon as the value of the work is realised. We have already found it useful, for President Coninckx of Antwerp wrote us for a short list of mediums and Spiritualist Societies in New York for a friend going to the United States, and this we were able to supply from "Who's Who," when it would otherwise have been impossible. The information includes Spiritualism and Lyceums, Psychological Research, Theosophy, New Thought, Divine Science, Astrology, Phrenology, Palmistry, Rosicrucianism, Bahai-ism, Christian Mysticism, etc., etc. We congratulate Dr. Hartmann on his notable achievement. (*Occult Press, Box 43, Jamaica, N.Y., U.S.A. Price 13/- post free.*)

"MY RELIGION" is a symposium, gathering from eminent public men and eminent divines their personal views of religion. They are almost as frank as testimonies given in a Methodist meeting, and represent a great variety of mental attitude. They were first published as articles and letters in the *Daily Express*, and in this cheap compact volume (*Hutchinsons, 2/6 net*), they will reach a still wider public. The discussion was begun by Arnold Bennett, who said that dogmatic Christianity had for centuries notoriously forgotten the teaching of its own Founder, and he believes that whatever religion takes its place will be founded on kindness or fail.

Hugh Walpole believes with Keats that the purpose of life is the education of the soul. Rebecca West regards Christianity "not as a final revelation, but as a phase of revelation." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells how in 1916 he and Lady Doyle determined to devote their lives to handing on Spiritualistic truth to a world then crying out, "Where are our Dead?" and concludes, "But the wonderful thing is that by devious paths we have got back to Christianity once more, and that the Christ figure appears—to me, at least—more beautiful and understandable than ever." E. Phillips Oppenheim, Israel Zangwill, and Henry Arthur Jones are among the other contributors; the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Ely, Durham, Lincoln, Gloucester, Liverpool, and St.

Edmundsbury, give their views from within the Church, and some notable Nonconformist clergymen add their quota.



ESPERANTO IN LONDON.—The London Esperanto Club, which for over twenty years has been the central organisation for the study and practice of the international language in the metropolis, now meets at St. Bride's Institute, Ludgate Circus, where classes and meetings are held every Friday evening from 6.30 to 10 p.m. Visitors are heartily welcomed, and full particulars can be had from Mr. L. N. Newell, hon. secretary, 166 Brixton Road, S.W.9. Esperanto as a scientific universal language for all nations will help the cause of human brotherhood.

Commonsense and Spiritualism.

By THOMAS WEIR.

COMMONSENSE makes a most useful measuring rule for any belief, and where it cannot be applied there is not much to measure, although the voice of authority may assure us that something is really there.

The theologian, intent on preventing the application of commonsense, will tell us that the obvious explanation of a difficulty is never the right one, which is a dictum belonging to that crowd of bogeys in uniform set up all round us to scare us from the truth. How many of us, for instance, have heard sermons preached in Protestant churches on the reported saying of Jesus to Peter, "I shall give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven," and have been weary of the laboured attempts to prove that the words do not mean what they plainly say, while all the time the simple obvious commonsense explanation of the text is that the words emanated from Rome at a late date. But that, of course, would be to admit error or fraud in the Bible; so the Protestant clergy who are really Protestant, have still to explain away that unfortunate text which supports the pretensions of Rome; as if it mattered to anyone who it is that keeps the keys, seeing that the door stands always wide open.

Commonsense is real light from heaven, intended to light the plain man through the world; why should he not use it in the matter of religion, taking as truth what commonsense approves, and rejecting what it condemns? If that rule were applied by everyone, Spiritualism would have it all its own way. Just open your mouth about Spiritualism, and there is sure to be one who will say that if we were to know anything about these things, it would have been told us. But if we apply commonsense to that argument, we can answer, quite so, but we are being told about it just now, and should thankfully receive it, while the Bible itself says that we are to search for knowledge as for hid treasure.

Take the question of psychic phenomena. Science in general says with a shrug that these things are impossible, and they are self-deceived who believe in them. The Church says they are of the devil, and it is wicked to meddle with them, while they who profess to bring these phenomena about are mostly frauds; but Spiritualism cries aloud to all the world, Come and see these phenomena for yourselves; we shall show you everything, and commonsense says that Spiritualism has the best of it.

How many have asked what sort of a place is heaven, and the Church replies at once that it is the home of glorified believers in the Church doctrines, and these believers spend all their time to all eternity praising God around His throne. Spiritualism says it is a happy beautiful place, full of varied natural human interests. Commonsense says at once that the Church heaven should have some other name; but the Spiritualist heaven is natural, sensible, and homelike, a place to which one would want to go.

But the man in the street has always taken a livelier interest in the place of retribution in the next world than in heaven. The Church tells him that punishment there is eternal and unreformative, but avoidable by the evildoer's acceptance of a formula of belief before death; but Spiritualism says it is not penal; it is reformative, purifying, and passing, but unavoidable by evildoers, till their desires turn towards good. Bring these two doctrines to the bar of commonsense, and the verdict is emphatically for Spiritualism. Take them before a court of justice, it would never be put to the jury; the Church has no case for eternal punishment.

Many of our orthodox friends would like to snuff out Spiritualism by quoting a few texts of Scripture such as, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" or that other text about the "wizards that peep and that mutter" or, strange to say, that one that follows an approval of Spiritualism, and yet points out "a more excellent way"—all out of a book that is full of Spiritualism.

But how can any book be a final authority, however sacred its associations may be, and if the earliest New Testament in the world goes no further back than the middle of the fourth century A.D., what can commonsense think of its reliability as a foundation for the huge theological superstructure built upon it?

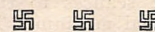
Spiritualism has no books of authority, and it is to be hoped never will, but it has got facts, hard facts, and the commonsense of it all is that when people get to know the facts, they will believe in Spiritualism, in spite of all the churchmen and scientists who cry it down, and will not look at it for fear that they are taken prisoners by the truth.

Commonsense should bring people into Spiritualism, but once in it the Spiritualist is not done with commonsense. We are here to play our part well, while not thinking too much of the world to which we are going. It will be all right there, and the more so that we give our best attention to right living here. It is no matter of belief or unbelief, it is a matter of living the best we know. But we must not think that the man who lives rightly and holily, and yet does not believe in Spiritualism, will suffer loss in the spirit-world through that unbelief; that would be unjust and there is no injustice there. His loss is here and now, in not having a share in the great push of Spiritualism, and in missing the opportunity of communication with his spirit-friends.

It is commonsense too for the ordinary Spiritualist to moderate his interest in psychic phenomena, for in the best of things and even with the best of people, familiarity may breed contempt. Remember that the name of our religion is Spiritualism, not Realism, and too much realism means too little Spiritualism. There is a great lesson for Spiritualists in the fact that the spirits are clothed; nothing is wholly beautiful that does not suggest a mystery, and what is holy may become profane by exposure.

Christianity might and should have been a commonsense religion, for its Founder was the greatest Heretic of all the ages, basing all His teaching on commonsense. But those who came after Him thought it all too simple, and invented a theology that was proof against the entrance of new truth, and that is the chief obstacle to the adoption of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is the most commonsense religion on earth; it invites all to come and search it out to the bottom, and they will find that with Spiritualism two and two always make four.



THE SHELTERING PRESENCE.

Christ, in the hour of death defend us,
Thy courage, faith, and power lend us,
Angels to guide, and comfort send us—
'Tis for this we pray!

As the shadows fall around us,
May Thy love and peace surround us,
May no false alarms astound us—
'Tis for this we pray!

To the Life Eternal guide us,
All our best-loved ones beside us,
In Thy sheltering Presence hide us—
'Tis for this we pray!

Then as we rise on heavenly wings,
Into the new life which death brings,
Glad Hallelujahs our soul sings—
'Tis for this we pray!

ELISE EMMONS.

Out of the Body.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM A. REID, M.A., GLASGOW.

ONE of the most arresting inquiries for a human being is whether it can be demonstrated that he is a spirit living in a body. Is the body really what the Bible calls "the earthly house of this tabernacle" which shall be "dissolved," and cast off like an overcoat when we enter a warm house? And even more entrancing is the quest if we can function here and now without using the body as a vehicle for communication. This last I should like to consider.

Fatal disease comes, the bodily functions weaken, death ensues; so to the ordinary eye this is the end, because the body appears to be essential for the expression of our personality. But Spiritualism and its scientific confrères, Psychical Research and Psychology, give proofs of the activity of the human being after the body has decayed and, on occasion, while the body is still living but not functioning. Telepathy and thought-transference seem to demonstrate this last very fully. Indeed, these avenues of proof alone seem to demonstrate that man has a body through which he normally acts, but without which he may on occasion also act. We can, I think, say with a great deal of confidence that this is proved.

Into this more general question I do not wish for the moment to enter. Nor shall I even discuss telepathy and thought-transference. I would confine my attention to the claim made by living persons that they have been out of the body. Mr. Oaten, the respected Editor of *The Two Worlds*, in the issue of his paper for January 1st, 1926, writes, "I remember seeing my body on that bed, and saying to myself, 'That left arm will be stiff and sore when I wake up.'" Then he describes what he saw—green fields, wonderful flowers, etc. Those of us who have attended seances where different spirits used the medium's organism, have often asked what the medium's spirit was doing. We were told occasionally that the medium's spirit was asleep, or half-conscious, or standing near by listening and watching; or that he had gone, as Mr. Oaten had done, on a journey to heaven or to hell or to some place on earth.

St. Paul says that "he was caught up to the third heaven, and heard unspeakable things which no human being is permitted to utter" (2 Cor. 12, 2: Weymouth); but he was not sure whether he was "in the body or out of the body." He meant, of course, that he was entirely unconscious of his body. We may, I think, assume that when the body was asleep somewhere his spirit alone made the journey to the third heaven.

There is a very large number of good solid folks, still in the flesh, who assert that they have been out of their bodies, and say that they saw their bodies in full consciousness and came back to reoccupy them. They have no story to tell of wonderful spirit journeys and experiences, as in the above instances. They merely assert that they saw their own bodies.

I have had this simple experience; and give it largely because of its unpretentiousness. I have already spoken and written about it, and do so now so as to elicit from others similar experiences. I find that, when anyone has had such an experience and is satisfied that it was not a hallucination, he takes it as a personal proof that the spirit or ego lives in and uses the body and may leave it; and shall definitely do so when the body becomes untenable.

Let me describe what happened to me in this regard. I was fully awake. I looked down on my body, and felt tremendously elated. I should not describe the feeling as ecstasy or rapture; it was rather that of joy and intense satisfaction. I was in no sense carried away by the feeling. I thought I was dead, and said to myself, "Well, it's all over, and I'm very glad." Now I know that some will find fault with me for, so to speak, entering the Other World with a jest in my heart; but so it was. I seem to have become startled almost at once, for the next thing I felt was re-entering my body, gasping and panting and coughing. I thought I should have choked; but gradually the trouble subsided. Now this experience not only gave me the satisfactory proof that I am a spirit living in a body, but also that when the spirit leaves the body it experiences an exhilaration and uplift.

I draw special attention to the statement in italics. Let me quote another instance. Mr. St. Loe Strachey, late editor of *The Spectator*, and one of the brainiest of our literary men, in his book, "The Adventure of Living,"

page 6, writes—"Everything seemed to vanish away from me . . . I was outside my bodily self and far away from the world of matter. . . . The sensation was overwhelming. . . . It was ecstasy, it was *isolement*. . . . It was purely an experience of the spirit. . . . *My ego was, I perceived, a spirit, and not a creature of flesh and blood, and also not a hypothesis but a reality.*"

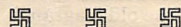
Mark in this instance the same claim of exhilaration and uplift; and that personal irrefragable proof which I too have, that the spirit and the body are two distinct things.

Still one other instance; this time from the New Testament. St. Peter says that when Jesus "gave up the ghost" on the Cross He went and preached to "the spirits in prison." He gives as a sort of aside, "He (Jesus) was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit"; literally "made alive in the spirit" (1 Peter, 3, 18).

Those out of the body seem to be more alive than those in it, says John Oxenham—

"We call them 'dead,'
But they look back and smile
At our living dead in the bonds of flesh,
And do rejoice that in so short a time
Our souls shall slip the leash."

I therefore pass on to others the claim that it is possible, here and now, to leave the body, and that when we do so the spirit is quickened thereby. The body is therefore more or less our prison house, not that we should despise the body or belittle it, or forget that this imprisonment is needed for the education of that enduring part of us which we call the soul or the spirit.



STORM-TOSSED.

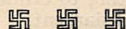
Night folds me in her tender, loving arms,
And pillows my lone head upon her breast,
Then softly touches all the day's alarms,
And whispers gently, sweetly, "Be at rest."

O beauteous night, I yearn to breathe thy calm,
To wipe the dust of day from lip and eye,
Yet can thy shadowy presence bring a balm
Or leaf of olive while the waves roll high.

Say, can'st thou hush the tumult dark and wild,
Or close the flood-gates memory opens wide?
Can'st thou enfold me once again a child,
Or thrill my soul with joys that may abide?

Thou can'st but softly touch; the power to heal
Is thine no longer, for life's scars lie deep;
And yet, above my storm-tossed soul I feel
One reigns, who "giveth His beloved sleep."

E. P. PRENTICE.



LANTERN LECTURE ON PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.—On the last Sunday evening of the old year a lantern lecture was given in the New Gallery, Shandwick Place, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Psychic Centre, by Messrs. Craig and George Falconer. The hall was packed so full that many had to stand. The slides were all made from psychic photographs taken by the Messrs. Falconer, and all the plates had been initialed by the sitters for the photographs, who saw the plates developed. The slides were a most interesting study, showing not only how the ectoplasm varied in appearance and quantity, but also how the positions of the spirit faces varied, sometimes appearing upright, sometimes longways on, at other times upside down, or over the face or chest of the sitters. Among the well-known faces shown were those of Earl Kitchener, Dr. Bruce, the Scottish explorer, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lord Dewar, Lord Leverhulme, and Abraham Lincoln.

It often falls, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But Justice, though her dome she doth prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own cause right.

—Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

Letters to the Editor.

"MY VISIT TO THE SUMMERLAND."

Stoke Newington, N.16.

DEAR SIR,—As belief must precede realisation—indeed, in spiritual things, faith is the very soul of light—I wish to confirm every word of the beautiful experience related under this heading in January *Gazette*. Two very intimate friends, one a man and the other a woman, have related to me in precisely the same detailed manner some of their out-of-the-body experiences. Each friend had enjoyed these wonderful visits, not in space but in the infinite within, on numberless occasions. Lest any of your readers may make the mistake of supposing that there is any short cut to the enjoyment of these sublime visions—the highest natural perception is mere fog compared with these soul perceptions—I must add that in the case of each of my friends this soul unfoldment was due to intensely earnest and sustained aspiration—"prayer without ceasing," coupled with that strange and hard-to-understand virtue of *long-suffering*. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," though adversity is not sweet. When St. Paul said that he "gloried in tribulation" he meant in the soul power gained therefrom. Yet there is another path to realisation. Earnestness is the pathway to conscious immortality.—I am, Yours, etc.,

THOMAS RAYMOND.

THE AMENDMENT OF THE OLD ACTS.

"I ASK FOR PROTECTION."

Newton Abbot, Devon.

DEAR SIR,—May I add a word to support the letter in your November issue signed "W. J.," in seeking aid from the Spiritualist societies to send to Parliament a petition asking for the old Vagrancy Act to be abolished.

As a medium now being used by higher sphere Guides to help the people amongst whom I live, I ask for protection from this Act, which curtails much, and prevents those who have passed over to help the sad and lonely ones left behind here.

Freedom from fear of persecution in one who desires to devote her whole life to this work would also greatly assist those who influence her to send this.—Yours in their service,

H. M. E. M.
(Madame Leslie.)

ALTERNATIVE METHODS OF AMENDMENT.

9 Denmark Road,
Reading.

SIR,—There are three alternatives for the amending of the law regarding Spiritualism, namely:—

(a) Total repeal of the Witchcraft Act, 1737, and of the offending part of the fourth clause of the Vagrancy Act, 1824;

(b) Repeal of the Witchcraft Act and amendment of the Vagrancy Act so as to ensure that there should be no prosecution where there was no intention to deceive;

(c) Amendment of the Witchcraft Act and Vagrancy Act so that where the fortune-telling so-called was done *bona fide* and without an intention to deceive, no prosecution should lie.

These might be obtained by an amendment of the Government bills relating to criminal law that from time to time come before Parliament.

Another course of action is for a private member of the House of Commons to take part in the ballot in the early part of February, and try to obtain a place. This is a very dubious course, as it is very hard to get a place.

The other course is for the alternative (c) to be adopted, and this is the least contentious of the three. It would give all Spiritualists all they ask for, and ought to give rise to no opposition. In this way no ballot would be needed; the bill would go through (as unopposed bills do), and there would be an end to persecution.

I trust the Spiritualist Parliamentary Committee will consider this.—I am, Yours, etc.,

R. S. W. POLLARD.

THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE AND FUND.

Wigan.

DEAR SIR,—Re your leader in this month's *Gazette*—"A Storm in a Teacup"—you have answered Mr. Berry all right in the same. Where has he and the S.N.U. Parliamentary Committee been all this last twelve months? It would look better for them all, if they would only set to work, and let the people at large see what they are doing with the Parliamentary Fund and its administration, which they have held up so long. If Mr. Berry and his colleagues were only doing half the good for the cause of Spiritualism they are supposed to represent as the *Gazette* and its Editor are doing, they would have room

to chirp, but as they are not doing so it's time for them to for ever hold their peace.—I am, Yours faithfully,
AN ONLOOKER FROM WIGAN.

NOTE.—We thank our Wigan correspondent for his kindly testimony, and heartily agree with him that it would be better if the Spiritualists' National Union's Parliamentary Committee addressed itself in earnest to the task of securing an amendment of the old oppressive enactments and giving adequate protection to mediums. That would certainly be more to the purpose than promulgating through their secretary (Mr. G. F. Berry) evasive excuses for their continuous failure to perform the important duties entrusted to them. We have received a letter from Mr. Berry repeating in effect his communication of February 16, 1925, referred to in our last month's leader, but he gives no apology or explanation whatever for his suppression of the telegram sent us on behalf of the Committee recalling that letter. Our Wigan "Onlooker's" suggestion that the Committee should "let the people at large know what they are doing with the Parliamentary Fund and its administration" is much to the point and touches, possibly, the master-key to the long-prolonged paralysis of the Parliamentary Committee's efforts. When first-hand information was brought us on November 13, 1924, that, early in the history of the Committee, a large part of the Fund had been spent for extraneous purposes, we suggested that "some details might well be given to the subscribers of the Parliamentary Fund—as to its original amount, how much has been spent, on what objects it has been spent, what interest has accrued, and what is the figure at which it now stands." We said this information ought to be forthcoming, "for the Fund is not the property of the S.N. Union, to do with it what it pleases, but a trust reposed in it for a specific purpose by the subscribers." These figures have never yet been given, and we now call upon Mr. Berry to furnish them without further delay or equivocation, so that the thousands of subscribers at home and abroad and Spiritualists at large may be fully able to understand why the Parliamentary Committee totally fails year after year to perform its functions, thus frustrating the efforts of all earnest workers in the cause of reform, and leaving our indispensable mediums entirely at the mercy of iniquitous police oppression.—Ed., I.P.G.

A REMARKABLE FIRST EXPERIENCE.

Thames Ditton.

DEAR SIR,—My first and only experience of Spiritualism occurred just a week ago, on December 26, 1925. It was unexpected and sudden, but so convincing. I feel now so uplifted and sure of life hereafter, and want advice about a friend who acted as medium, also for the first time, to her own great astonishment and mine. Her husband, who was with us, is so distressed at finding she has that great gift; he wants her to promise never to have anything more to do with Spiritualism, although he too realises the wonder of it. I suppose he is afraid going into trances may be bad for her health. Also it seemed a great shock to him. Is it right to encourage the gift or not? The following is my experience:—

Mr. and Mrs. B. and myself have sometimes discussed Spiritualism, all having quite an open mind on the subject. I asked them here to spend the Christmas holiday. Opposite my cottage live some people named M., whom I have got to know by accident. I heard they held seances and were acknowledged Spiritualists. Mrs. M. came over on the morning of the 26th December, and I introduced her to my friends. It was arranged that we four should sit for an hour that evening quietly in her circle room and talk the subject over. We sat down and put out the light. In less than two minutes my visitor, Mrs. B., was under control. We know nothing whatever of Spiritualism, but Mrs. M. says she had three controls in about thirty minutes. We had not even joined hands, discussed the subject, or done anything; it happened so suddenly. Of course, her husband and I were anxious, not knowing if she was all right, and although we had the most astonishing proof of genuineness, we struggled mentally against the power, having only one thought—to take her back to my cottage and assure ourselves she was none the worse for the experience.

Having had a week to calmly think the matter over, I am led to believe she should not throw down such a wonderful gift. I know I shall go on trying to learn more of such a glorious truth. I shall never doubt again, and cannot for a minute forget the wonder of it.

I may tell you Mrs. M. has lent me the December number of the *I.P. Gazette*, which interests me very much and compels me to write this.—Yours sincerely,
C. STONEHAM.

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HINTS WANTED FOR ISOLATED BEGINNERS.

MRS. E. P. RAINE, Aberfeldy, Orange Free State, South Africa, who is a subscriber to this *Gazette*, writes that she would be grateful for information about planchettes, ouija boards, and trumpets, and how to set about using them. She already gets table messages, but wants a better or quicker method of communication. She lives 230 miles away from the nearest Spiritualist Church, so cannot attend meetings or seances. Though there are few white people in her neighbourhood, and these much scattered, yet there are some intensely interested in Spiritualism, or trying to be, but they have no means of getting instruction, and are made nervous by people who broadcast the idea that Spiritualists usually end up in the asylum! They want to believe and be comforted, but they want assurance that there is no danger or witchcraft involved. We shall be glad to have instructive letters from users of planchettes, ouija boards, or trumpets for publication, so that this lady and her friends, and others living in outlying districts, may also be able to enter into the joys of Spiritualism.

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